

CHARIVARIA.

IN the midst of the turmoil of war the courteous Japanese still find time to think of the entertainment of their guests. The steamer *Manchuria* has just left for a month's pleasure trip with the foreign naval *attachés* and a number of war-correspondents aboard. If it can be managed, the excursion will cover a visit to the seat of war.

The Shah of PERSIA has heard that the interests of England and France are now identical, and his Majesty has placed with a Leeds firm an order for clothes which has hitherto gone to France.

If anything further were required to convince the American public of the contemptible character of RAISULI, the Moroccan brigand who captured one of their countrymen, it is provided by his refusal to appear as an exhibit at the St. Louis Exhibition.

At length the public is to have a chance of learning what measures introduced into Parliament are really worthy of support. "It is my intention during the remainder of the present Parliament," writes Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, "to vote as far as possible according to the merits of the various questions upon which divisions are taken."

The only other political news of any importance is that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN doesn't much like Imperialism, and Lord ROSEBERY doesn't much like Home Rule, and the rest of the Liberal Party don't much like the fact that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Lord ROSEBERY don't like the same thing.

The minister of a Jersey City church has invited ladies to attend service without their hats so that they may worship in comfort during the hot summer weather. There is something peculiarly naïve in the idea that a lady could "worship in comfort" without her latest hat.

Last week the Young Abstinents' Union celebrated its Silver Jubilee. It is satisfactory to know that the number of heavy drinkers under seven years of age is constantly decreasing.

The Primate has been urging the younger clergy to "take an active part in the games which the youth of the parish engage in," and curates playing pitch-and-toss in the streets will soon be a common sight.

An attempt is to be made to put an end to the scandal of half-empty churches in London by building more.



"SANCTA SIMPLICITAS."

Child (pausing in front of Grandmother, who is on a visit, to consider her carefully). "GRANNY, WHICH SIDE OF YOU IS THE SOFT SIDE?"

Granny. "WHY, DARLING?"

Child. "BECAUSE MOTHER SAYS IF I KEEP ON THE SOFT SIDE OF GRANNY, PERHAPS SHE'LL GIVE ME A BICYCLE."

It has been decided radically to re-organise the Meteorological Office. There will, we fancy, be little sympathy for those affected by the changes, seeing the mess they made of last Derby Day.

A Kensington Gardens Dialogue.

"We have a new baby at home."

"Did the doctor bring it?"

"No, he only had an umbrella."

"Then I know where it came from. The baker's. It says on his cart, 'Families Provided.'"

THE new lock at Teddington, recently opened, must be a patent one, as there is no quay.

The Young Idea.

Sunday School Teacher (giving lessons on the Parable of the Good Samaritan). It says that the Good Samaritan on the morrow took out two pence. Now why did he take out two pence?

Sharp Little Boy. I know, Teacher. For the Tube.

A CHARMING young lady called GEOGHEGAN (Whose christian names are less peoghegan)

Will be Mrs. KNOLLYS

Very soon at All Ksollys'; But the date is at present a veogheg'un.

"AS SURE AS FÊTES."—Rain.

TO AN AFRICAN POTENTATE.

HIGH potentate of Ethiop's burning zone,
 Or other regions yet more vaguely known,
 Whose temperature—or so the travellers tell—
 Closely approximates to that of h—l;
 Whose simple sons lead uneventful lives,
 Girt with a pleasing plethora of wives,
 And only leave their fastnesses to plumb
 The deep delights of stove-pipe hats and rum;—
 Blest monarch, whose enlightened laws allot
 Contentment to the wistful Hottentot,
 Whereof the radiating joy suffuses
 His pert but not unlovable papooses;—
 Inform us, Sire, before you really go,
 Just how you view our European show;
 Say, is our climate all too keenly felt
 By one whose swart yet unresisting pelt
 Had never learned the subtle charm that clings
 To what are loosely known as trouserings,
 Or ventured out to take the evening air
 Draped to distraction in a tightish pair;
 But modestly confined its simple needs
 To something natty in the way of beads;
 Or else, like ADAM, previous to the Fall,
 Meandered forth with nothing on at all?
 And tell us, did our frigid British dame
 Strike you as being just a trifle tame;
 Or were you instantaneously smitten
 By her profound resemblance to a kitten?
 And did you lightly, ere you left these shores,
 Order a gross or two from Someone's Stores?
 Tell us with what a rising sense of zeal
 You viewed our projects for the public weal;
 And all those homely sights so dear to us,
 The fleeting splendours of the omnibus,
 The British workman, suffering but dumb,
 The Stock Exchange's cof-extracting hum,
 The Press, the House of Commons, and the Zoo—
 What sense of awe did these inspire in you?

Monarch, I may be wrong, but I suspect
 That they misjudged your supple intellect
 Who took you round, as current news relates,
 To waxwork shows and charitable fêtes,
 And bade you squander sleepless days and nights
 On what are vulgarly described as "sights,"
 Hoping to graft upon your native graces
 The social virtues of the Western races.
 I think your mind, oppressed with cares of state,
 Dreamed of departure at an early date
 Back to the land where courtesies are few,
 And well-bred strangers make a perfect stew;
 That land whose denizens, devoid of vice,
 Exhale a pleasant atmosphere of spice;
 Where sportsmen in an ecstasy of glee
 Track to his lair the trembling chimpanzee,
 Or hurl the flight of well-directed spears
 About the hippopotamus his ears;
 The land, in fact, whose artless youth is blest
 With an instinctive aptitude for jest;
 Where monarchs live a life of splendid ease,
 And always do exactly as they please.

WHAT HAPPENED TO SMITH.—According to the *Star*, in the match between Surrey and Cambridge University, "MANN hit SMITH to leg for 4. He then hoisted him to long-on, where HOLLAND caught him on the boundary." No wonder (as the *Daily Express* advertises) SMITH's weakly.

A MORNING CALL AT THE NEW GALLERY.

THE portrait of Herr JOACHIM, chief of violinists, stands on an easel all by itself in the North Room. *Solus cum solo* it is, and the *solo* would have been emphatically impressed upon everyone had Herr JOACHIM appeared in the picture with his favourite instrument. It has no number, though it might easily have been number one, and apart from all the others. None can approach SARGENT in this line, and as this is true the spectator will be well advised to keep as far off as possible. Distance lends enchantment to it at present; and this portrait of the incomparable violinist only requires to get the proper time in order to perfect the tone.

In the South Room we have Mr. SARGENT's portrait of HENRY W. LUCY, our "Toby." Excellent. So alert is he, and so starting out of the frame, as to suggest that a sufficient and appropriate legend to it might have been simply "Who said 'Rats'?" Why was it not in the Academy? may be asked by the thoughtless. Why? because the fit and proper place for so eminent a Parliamentary Reporter is of course "The Gallery."

Next to attract us is a picture by G. F. WATTS, O.M., R.A., of a nude boy who, having attempted to bathe, has been frightened by the waves. He is, *nuda veritas*, "the little vulgar boy" known to all reciters of INGOLDSBY's poem. The title might have been "Waif and Waves." But Watts in a name? Nothing, except when the name is WATTS, and then there's very much.

22. "A Crucial Point," by Sir JAMES D. LINTON. Scene from a Richardson's Show. Mellow, dramatic.

20. By C. E. HALLÉ. A very handsome woman with rather a muff. Not an unusual combination.

23. A picture of still life by Madame DE LA RIVA MUÑOZ represents "Fruits d'Espagne." The fruits of the gardener's toil collected on the grounds of a "Château d'Espagne."

78. Mrs. A. SWYNNERTON shows us a somewhat (painful-story)-telling picture. Unhappy mother tanned by son.

71. ARTHUR G. BELL presents "Winter in Gotha." That's his advice. Charming old place, we should like to go tha'.

275. All of a twist! Powerful portrait of a lady in an agony of hesitation. Notice grip of her left hand on arm of chair: likewise how she grasps, with her right, a huge sealskin muff (or is it a tea-pot 'cosy'), which she is on the point of chucking at the head of someone who has been rude to her. Lucky for him that he is not in the picture. Herein J. E. BLANCHE has shown the subtlety of his art. He has effaced himself at the critical moment.

Also by same clever artist, a bright portrait of MARIE TEMPEST. Smiling, piquante. Not a Tempest at all, but a light effect after a little storm in a saucer.

226. "Braving the Storm." What a pity that Mr. GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A., didn't hang this next to the Tempest!

Ars longa vita brevis, but the Picture Galleries do not keep open after the life of the London season is extinct and when sightseers have re-buried themselves in the country. So before the Seventeenth Summer Exhibition of the N. G. closes, hurry up and see the goods the gods and demi-gods have provided.

The Young Idea Again.

SCENE—Fourth-Standard room of an Elementary School.
 Children reading.

Inspector (to the Teacher). What are they reading about?
 Teacher. American Indians.

Inspector. I will ask them a few questions. (To children) What is a Red Indian's wife called? (Many hands up.) Tell me.
 Scholar. A squaw, Sir.

Inspector. What is a Red Indian's baby called? (Silence. At last a boy volunteers.) Well, my boy?

Boy. Please, Sir, a squawker!



HYPNOTIC "SUGGESTION."

[A remarkable performance is being given in London, in which a lady is hypnotised. Whilst in a trance she dances to whatever music is played to her.]

THE HEADS OF THE PEOPLE.

["The members of the Leeds Physical Culture Society have entered upon a campaign against all kinds of head coverings other than those provided by nature, from the top-hat to the Panama, and from the bowler to the cap. At a meeting of the committee held last night Mr. HARRY KREMNITZ, an engineer by profession, levelled a strong indictment against hats of all kinds, charging them with being the cause of baldness, grey hairs, and other evils. . . . Mr. KREMNITZ has not worn a hat for nearly a week, and several other gentlemen have pledged themselves to go bareheaded when not in the city."—*Daily Mail*.]

MENACED by the threat of the No-hat crusade initiated by the Leeds Physical Culture Society, the captains of the hat industry convened a great meeting which was held in the Tête Gallery last Saturday afternoon. The Mayor of LUTON (where the straw hats come from) presided, and amongst those on the platform were the President of the Republic of PANAMA, Sir TAM O'SHANTER, Mr. HAROLD BUSBY, Mr. THOMAS GIBSON-BOWLER, M.P., Mr. ALFRED CAPPER, the Caid of FEZ, Sir MAGNUS GLENGARRY, and Mr. JOSEPH HATTON.

The Mayor of LUTON in opening the proceedings read several letters from prominent representatives of the hat industry and others who were unable to be present. Count HATZFELDT wrote from Schloss Tarnhelm to express his sympathy with the object of the meeting, and Cardinal RAMPOLLA sent a telegram from Rome to say that the Curia were unanimous in opposing the new movement. A hatless Cardinal was even more unthinkable than a headless horseman. A letter was also read from Mr. HORACE GOLDIN, the prestidigitateur, pointing out that the abolition of the hat would mean the abolition of the conjurer. (*Shame.*)

The Mayor then proceeded to explain the motives which had led to the summoning of the convention. They were threatened, he said, with a crusade which if it achieved its nefarious end, would not only throw thousands of industrious operatives out of employment, but expose the entire population to an epidemic of sunstroke, catarrh, and a host of cognate maladies. The sanity of hatters had occasionally been impugned, but their very existence was based upon loyalty to the crown. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN (*loud cheers*), moreover, had testified to the fascination of the illimitable felt. It had been stated, the Mayor continued, that if people went about bareheaded their hair would grow with the luxuriance of a pianist or a tropical forest. But for his part he would say that there were some heads that were past all bearing. The motto of the Leeds Physical Culture Society might be, "Keep your hair on"; the motto of himself and the gentlemen present would be, "Keep your hats on."



TEACHING THE TEACHER.

New Curate. "Now, BOY, IF, IN DEFIANCE OF THAT NOTICE, I WERE TO BATHE HERE, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE WOULD HAPPEN?"

Boy. "YOU'D COME OUT A GREAT LOT DIRTIER THAN YOU WENT IN!"

Mr. HAROLD BUSBY, who followed, was scornful upon balditude. Why, he said, put this premium upon hirsute adornment? For himself he would rather be as bald as a new-laid egg than have red hair.

[*Interruption, during which three red-headed men were forcibly ejected.* Resuming, Mr. BUSBY remarked that many of the most illustrious men living were bald. Look at Mr. P. F. WARNER, for example. Look at Mr. WALTER LONG,

The Caid of FEZ, a swarthy gentleman suggesting more than a touch of the tarboosh, was the next speaker. He strongly denied that headgear led to baldness. It required, he said, something more than a hatter—mad or otherwise—to make hair march.

Mr. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who followed, asked where would the War Office be if headgear was abolished? The final cause of its existence was to devise a constant succession of new helmets,

forage caps, &c., which, apart from their æsthetic value, served as a perpetual red-herring to divert the attention of the public from matters of graver moment. The nursemaids of London, whom Mr. CHARLES BOOTH estimated to number upwards of 250,000, would certainly not tamely submit to the indignity of being courted by bareheaded Guardsmen, however curly.

Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING, on being provided with a black-board, drew a series of striking diagrams succinctly visualising the displacement of labour which would inevitably be brought about by the discarding of hats, caps, and bonnets. Physiologically there could be little doubt that the result of the change would be the arrest of baldness and the postponement of that failure of the pigment which led to grey hair. There would therefore be more hair to cut, and he strongly urged upon all those engaged in the hat trade, if they were unable to check the new movement, to lose no time in acquiring a mastery of the scissors and the comb.

Bishop WELLDON desired to associate himself, *mutatis mutandis*, with the sentiments expressed in the telegram from Cardinal RAMPOLLA. It might not always be judicious to call a spade a spade, but it was impossible to call a Bishop's hat anything but a shovel.

Mr. JOSEPH HATTON, the last speaker, urged the claims of the theatre-goer. If head-gear were abolished, how, he asked, could ladies go to *matinées*? (*Cheers.*)

On everyone present pledging himself to wear his hat on every possible occasion, and even to sleep in it if that could be arranged, the meeting broke up.

OUR MR. JABBERJEE IN THE FAR EAST.

I.

*In furnished diggings, Seoul, Korea.
May 25, 1904.*

As you will perceive from the above superscription, I am still an involuntary absentee from the arms of Bellona, being detained here on account of *Sho-ji's* health.

For I regret to report that my unfortunate saddlehack, so far from becoming a convalescent, is now lower down than ever on sick-list, and threatens to decline into the chronic invalid, being thin as a threadpaper, with a very lofty temperature, and frequent lapses into total deliriums.

During the entire night I have performed as a vigil by his couch, applying iced fomentations to his fevered knob, in constant apprehensions that I was soon to receive his last kick!

Being hard up as a broken stone, I can perceive no prospect of affording myself any second mount that will be such a perfect fit, and must probably put up with some cheap and nasty substitute!

Unless of course hon'ble *Punch* (who, according to illustrations, is the somewhat accomplished equestrian on a splendid cobhorse of phenomenally symmetrical spottishness) should have sufficient fellow-feelings not to suffer his representative to make a lamentable exhibition of himself by bestriding a mere bone-bag!

It is not to be imagined that I can present myself to Col. KHAKIMONO as the straddler of an ordinary ass, especially as, in these localities, donkey-hire is even dearer than on the yellow sands of the classic English watering-places.

Under the above circo it cannot reasonably be expected that I am to reveal any important Japanese military movements—which besides are impenetrably masked behind the fireproof curtain of official censorship.

I am excessively annoyed that the aforesaid Col. K. should not have condescended to send me so much as a single pictorial postcard to inform me how he is getting on in my absence.

However, there may be *some very good reason* for such abnormal secretiveness. For my Russian crony, Major DROSHKIVITCH, has been audibly chortling up his sleeves of late on receipt of private intelligence direct from St. Petersburg, to the effect that Russian squadrons have at last sailed out of Port Arthur, and mopped up most of hon'ble Admiral Togo's finest fighting-junks. While simultaneously, it seems, the garrison has sortied out on land-side, and compelled no less than fifteen thousand Japanese advanced guards to bite the dust before they could shake it off from their shoes!

I cannot profess any great surprise that they should have been so severely snubbed, seeing that I have *ab initio* predicted some such unfortunate *contretemps*. For it is undeniable that the Japanese have been too much addicted to conversing through their headgear—and Pride is the proverbial predecessor of some howling tumble!

Wherefore I have hastened to assure Major D. that I am a sharer in his jubilations, being unable to wholly overcome racial prejudices against allies, however civilised and up-to-date, whose complexions are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of French mustard.

I am also engaged in composition of a congratulatory ode to Hon'ble KUROPATKIN, so ingeniously worded that, even should the cat prove after all to have jumped in contrary direction, my effusion can easily be altered so as to be fit as a glove for Hon'ble KUROKI.

Meanwhile I am mixing myself in swaggering Korean Societies. The other day I officiated as best man for a juvenile Korean bridegroom who was tying his neck in the nuptial knot. As in Indian circles, the match was made up by a professional family Astrologer—here termed a *Pan-su*—and I can only trust that he may not turn out such an incompetent old beetlehead as the *Dowryboghee* who, too sanguinely, predicted my own matrimonial felicity in two successive wedlocks!

The Korean bridal procession was preceded by a bearer carrying a live goosebird, as the emblem of connubial bliss—which of course afforded me, at wedding-breakfast, the opportunity for some rather facetious banterings.

It is *de rigueur* here for a bride to abstain from the least loquacity, not only during the ceremonials, but for several subsequent days—an immense improvement upon Hindoo (and even Christian) etiquettes!

My wedding-present consisted of an order on *Punch* Office for a complete set of your instructive periodical from earliest commencement. Kindly have these bound in best white vellum, with appropriate gildings, and forward to my Calcutta residence. Or, if that is to trouble you too far, send cheque for estimated cost, and I will entrust the job to some local bookbinder or other.

I have also taken a day off for caymen-hunting. The cayman, as you are doubtless aware, is the mongrel offspring of an Alligator and a Crocodile, and, by the inexorable law of Heredity, exhibits the worst idiosyncrasies of both its parents. It is best caught when about to sink into the lap of Morpheus, being then oppressed with uncontrollable gapes and yawnings, which make it as easy as a fall from a log to swim up and surreptitiously insert a doubly-pointed spike between its open jaws, after which, being unable to close same, it rapidly fills with water till completely suffocated.

Being the comparative novice at such sports, I was unfortunately unable to fill my bag with more than one cayman, though said reptile luckily was of unprecedentedly elongated proportions. It is now being stuffed up for a trophy, and I should indubitably forward it per parcel post for your kind acceptance, were it not far too bulky a *curio* to figure as a knicknack even on "*Punch*" premises.

I am now to broach a business project which it is quite on the cards that you may be inclined to nill. And yet, I will



OUR JOHN-BULLIONAIRES.

Sir Clondyke Cræsus (to distinguished Frenchman, who, with his wife, has been asked to a quiet family dinner). "Ah, Monsieur, there's ONE THING WE PRIDE OURSELVES ON, THAT YOU FOREIGNERS 'AVEN'T GOT, AND THAT IS THE SIMPLE ENGLISH 'OME LIFE!"

not credit you with too little intelligence to have an optic for so auriferous a mainchance. All human life is a lottery, and you cannot expect that you are to pull out a plum if you will not venture so much as a finger in the lucky-bag!

Now, while I cannot sufficiently deplore the unbridled corruptitude of Korean officials, it were idle to deny that their rottenness affords first-class facilities to any go-ahead speculative who is desirous to make a bit.

I have already informed you of my intimacy with Lady HM, who is sharp as an elderly needle and notoriously up to every move on the Board of Trade. She has recently communicated to me the straight tip that a certain *Moon-jiggi*, or Cabinet Wire-puller [Ed. Com.—*Unless we are misinformed, a "Moon-jiggi" is a gate-keeper*] has a rather valuable mining concession for sale, which, being the end of season, he is ready to part with as the alarming sacrifice. Said mine is situated in a central position, and contains chiefly coals, which are guaranteed as infinitely superior to the very best Welsh Wall-ends. These coals yield rich loads of copper, and, who'd have thought it! such copper, on being analysed by expert mining-chemists, has been found to be alloyed with a still more precious metal—to wit, gold! of eighteen carats quality!

Having obtained an interview with the above *Moon-jiggi*, I am enabled to testify that the itching in his palm can be healed with a very moderate expenditure of golden grease. In short, he has undertaken to procure the Imperial signature to a concession of working rights over said mine for

999 years (which, I venture to predict, Sir, will see the pair of us out!) for the sum down of yen 5000, and very very moderate royalties.

Being of course too confirmed an impecunious to provide even this paltry amount, I have decided to offer you the opportunity to purchase a pig in the poke that is to lay truly magnificent golden nest-eggs. I might no doubt have applied to some wealthy native Indian capitalists, who would assuredly have jumped at so shiny a bait—but my filial affection for such a loving Parent as yourself impels me to offer you first refusal.

You will have no trouble beyond furnishing supplies for purchasing concession, and bribing *Moon-jiggi* (which latter item will not, I should say, greatly exceed yen 500), I to undertake all jobbery and to join Board after allotment. I would also see that you are allotted several hundreds of shares at mere peppercorn prices, which you might order your Staff of Contributors to purchase from you at par, thereby pocketing the pretty penny. As Chairman, I shall be pleased to nominate you as one of my Directors—for, though not (like too many Orientals) inclined to fulsome flatteries, I am honestly of the opinion that you would make a rather ornamental guinea-pig.

Well, what is the verdict, Honoured Sir? Am I to be cabled a draft on some leading Calcutta Bank for yen 5500 (about £550) as the sprat to inveigle a handsome and golden whale into your pocket-hole—or am I not? [Ed. Com.—*You are not!*]

H. B. J.

M. BOUDIN IN ENGLAND.

No. IX.

"*ANA*, so this is Southampton"—it was BOUDIN who spoke, and he pronounced it *Sussungton*, with the accent on the first and third syllables,—“This is that devil of Southampton of which I hear so much. Come, my fine fellow, let us embark and reach the yacht *Petronel*. I care not for the earth any more; I despise him; I who speak to you, I will perhaps dance a hornpipe. I will be Jack Tar, my friend, like you other English, who are all Jack Tars from your birth. Oh, but the sea is not calm at all. You have deceived me.”

By this time we were on the little motor-launch which was to convey us to the *Petronel*, and in a few minutes more we were on board that noble ship and had been welcomed by our host, the rightest and tightest and most genial buccaneer who ever sailed the British seas in luxury and a 400-ton yacht. Shortly afterwards we sat down to lunch, and in the meantime the anchor was weighed and away we steamed towards Cherbourg, where we were to anchor for the night.

After lunch we went up on the bridge. BOUDIN's get-up, I must admit, was faultless: his blue serge suit, his yachting-cap with a white sun-cover, his white shoes with india-rubber soles—everything about him, in fact, was *le dernier cri* in nautical costume, and he was as proud as a child of his appearance. There was no doubt about it, however: the sea was rough and the *Petronel* soon began to pitch and toss in the most approved style. Still we were all Britons, except BOUDIN, and, whatever we feared, we were not going to show our apprehensions—not just yet, at any rate. We were a party of five, and we were all sitting very comfortably in deck chairs and smoking various forms of tobacco, BOUDIN having ventured on a very big cigar.

“Are you a good sailor, BOUDIN?” said I.

“Ah, as to that, I know not,” he replied, “I have served my one year as a soldier, and as I do not want to serve any more at all I suppose that I am not a good soldier; but I have not been in the *inscription maritime*, so I have not given my proofs as a sailor, but I will learn—not so well as you English, of course, for you are born for a life on the sea, but as well as I can I will learn what a sailor must know.”

“I don't mean that kind of thing, BOUDIN. I mean are you ever sea-sick?”

“Ah, my poor friend”—(when a Frenchman is filled with pity for himself he always calls you his poor friend)—“Ah, my poor friend, do not speak of it. I did survive from Calais to Dover when I begin my visit in England, but that is my only voyage on the sea. I fear, yes, I fear very much I shall be sea-sick, for I am a Frenchman, and the Latin races are no good for the sea. It is only the Anglo-Saxon who is always a jolly fellow when the waves are like mountains,” and he blew out a great cloud of cigar smoke which seemed to be particularly strong and offensive. “Oh, but never mind,” he continued, “you will be kind to your little BOUDIN. When he agonises with the *mal de mer* you will help him to make his *testament*, and you will sing ‘Rule Britannia’ to him till he render his last sigh.”

At this point two members of our party, who had thrown away their cigarettes some minutes ago, and had become very pensive and silent, said they thought they would go below and see about unpacking their things. Our deck-party was thus reduced to three—our host, BOUDIN and myself.

“Those poor fellows,” said BOUDIN, meditatively. “Why have they so yellow an air? But perhaps they go below because they do not wish to triumph over BOUDIN when he succumb. For if I succumb I succumb here. I stay here in full air, for if I go below I cannot learn to be a sailor.

And you, my brave Jack Tar, you will not desert me. Everything I possess *je lègue à ma mère*; take notice of that. *Sapristi*, how the wind blow, but *courage, mon vieux, and vogue la galère*. I think I like the waves; they are splendid. *Pouf!* what a monster that one was. Come, why are you so silent? Sing me—for it is the moment of moments—sing me one of your British songs of the sea. What was that one I hear *mademoiselle* your sister sing to us last week? Something about

When we jolly sailor-boys are scudding up aloft,
And the landlubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the landlubbers lying down below.

That was the song. Ah, you will not sing him. You get up. You are offended with BOUDIN. He have put his foot in, perhaps. *N'importe*, it is a glorious life on the sea, and I furiously envy to be a sailor like you English. Ah, you are going. No, I rest: it is the sea I love—”

When I came on deck again as we were entering Cherbourg harbour, I found BOUDIN as fresh and rosy as when we started. He had made friends with the captain, a Scotchman, who described him as “a verra nice gentleman, but a wee wild in his talk.” I quite agree.

ÆSTHETIC MORALS.

[Vide an article in *Harper's Magazine* on “Æsthetics of the Sky.”]

It is all very well for a poet to tell
Of the lessons that lurk in the skies,
And to bid you cry halt and regard the blue vault
With a pair of poetical eyes:
In the country one may with propriety stray,
With one's gaze fixed intent on a cloud,
And watch its shape change—but it's apt to seem strange
If one does the same thing in a crowd.

I am told it's correct, would you catch the effect
Of a sky as it ought to be caught,
To be bent till your feet and your head nearly meet,
And to gaze through your legs lost in thought.
In a green Surrey lane or on Salisbury Plain
There is no one to laugh at your fad;
But to play such a prank at St. Paul's or the Bank
Would undoubtedly stamp you as mad.

Common people would think you were given to drink,
And the cabbies would scarce understand
That the thought in your heart was devotion to art
If they saw you stuck fast in the Strand;
The busmen would laugh and deride you with chaff,
And, instead of respecting your soul,
They would catch you a whack in the small of your back
With the end of an omnibus pole.

The New Veil.

(Overheard in the Church porch last Sunday.)

Old Man (after watching the Squire's daughter in one of the new veils). Lor', to think of her having been hiving bees on a Sunday!

ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE.—The advertisement of Madame PATTI's concert at the Albert Hall was headed “The only PATTI Concert.” Quite true: so she is—“The Only PATTI.”

LOST, June 9.—Half Persian Cat, &c.—*Morning Post*.

Which half is still at home, the half that sings, or the better half?

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XVII.—PROFESSOR METCHNIKOFF AND PERPETUAL YOUTH.

SCENE—The Summit of Coniston Old Man.

PRESENT:

Franz Vecsey (in the Chair).
 Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.
 Mr. Austen Chamberlain, M.P.
 Mr. William Younger, M.P.
 Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P.
 Señor Manuel Garcia.
 Dr. Deighton.
 Mr. Swinburne.
 Several Harmsworths.

Vecsey. It is Professor METCHNIKOFF'S recent lecture on old age and its cure that has brought us together. As you are doubtless aware, old age is merely a disease, like tennis elbow or anything else, and all that is needed to remove it is the discovery of an elixir vitae. We are met to debate whether a graceful old age is preferable to perpetual youth. Glancing round I see several perpetual youths in our midst.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Very prettily put.

Mr. Swinburne. A delicate and discerning compliment.

Vecsey. Some of us are indeed very young. Shall we get older or not?

Several Harmsworths. Never. To grow old is a confession of failure.

Mr. Winston Churchill. All the harm in the world is done by the old. Youth divines; age merely knows. Youth soars upon intuitions; age crawls among facts. There will never be anything old about me.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Except ham.

Mr. Winston Churchill. Eh?

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Except ham.

Mr. Winston Churchill. I fail to apprehend the point of that remark.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. You will see it soon, when you are a little older.

Vecsey. It is, I think, my duty as Chairman to point out that Professor METCHNIKOFF does not promise a perpetual youthfulness of mind, but of body. Our minds will grow old, I take it, as heretofore; but our bodies will continue young.

Several Harmsworths. That is rather serious. Do you mean that we shall in time become more than twenty-one years of age, just as if Professor METCHNIKOFF had never existed?

Vecsey. Certainly.

Several Harmsworths. We don't like that at all. It is impossible to say what would happen to the *Daily Mail* if we were to get old.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain. It would probably be sold at twopence, after July 4.

Several Harmsworths. It would not



GOOD ADVICE.

Bridget. "WHY, MASTER TOMMY, WHAT EVEN IS THE MATTER?"

Tommy. "I'VE HURT MY H-HAND IN THE H-HOT WATER."

Bridget. "SURE, THEN, IT SERVES YOU RIGHT. YOU SHOULD HAVE FELT THE WATER BEFORE YOU PUT YOUR HAND IN!"

be the same paper. "Youth at the helm"—that is our motto.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Mottos often get out of date. My motto in 1884 was "Free Trade for England."

Dr. Deighton. Our Chairman is quite right. It is absurd to talk about age as if it were a matter of years. It is a matter of feeling—a man is as old as he feels. No one is old who can walk as I did from Land's End to John o' Groats.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Years are nothing. Look at me. I am universally acknowledged to be the youngest Member in the House.

Mr. William Younger. I beg the Right Honourable gentleman's pardon, but I am YOUNGER.

Señor Manuel Garcia. Speaking as one whose hundredth birthday is imminent I may say that age is easily kept at bay. One simply has to teach singing. I am explaining the system in my *Manuel for Centenarians*, now in the press.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Do you really think that teaching singing is as effective as a feverish political activity?

Señor Garcia. Certainly.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. I must look into the matter. I may be in need of a change of occupation in a few months' time. Since there was a Corn Law Rhymers, why not a Tariff Troubadour?

Mr. Swinburne. Señor GARCIA'S age reminds me of a riddle which the Great Panjandrum of Criticism, my friend Mr. WATTS-DUNTON, once made up. Why is a parcel that has been directed to the wrong house like a very old man?

Vecsey. Are we to try to guess it, or will you enjoy the triumph of supplying the answer?

Señor Garcia. Or shall we change the subject? I remember when I crossed to America in 1825—

Mr. Swinburne. The answer is quite simple—Because it's a sent-in-error 'un.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Speaking as the Chancellor of the Exchequer I must strongly protest against the anarchical views of Professor METCHNIKOFF. Supposing he found his elixir vitae, where would the Death Duties be?

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. That would be all right, my son; we could put a tax on living.

Vecsey. I think it is clear from what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has said that the menace of perpetual youth is not likely to be serious. A graduated income-tax, rising to five shillings in the pound for persons above eighty, will surely prevent most people from indulging in Professor METCHNIKOFF'S insidious drug.

Mr. Swinburne. "Songs by a Septuagenarian swimmer" has an agreeable assonance, or "Octogenarian Occ. verse."

Señor Garcia. I remember that when I was at school in Madrid in the year of Waterloo—

Several Harmsworths. Bother Waterloo! History only began eight years ago.

Mr. Winston Churchill. By George! I've just seen what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN meant when he said that about ham earlier in our discussion. He meant Oldham, my constituency.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Bright boy, that.



Country Cousin. "Do you stop at the Cecil?"

'Bus Driver. "Do I stop at the Cecil!—on TWENTY-EIGHT BOB A WEEK!"

OUT-AND-OUTINGS.

WHAT a lot you may know of the Continent, at a reasonable price if only you be an energetic week-end!

Taking into consideration that you require no luggage, and that the third-class carriages by boat-train are as comfortable, if not as luxurious, as the

first, on the S. E. & C. lines, laid in pleasant places, how can anyone, wishing always to be *dans le mouvement* (but not too much of it aboard ship), do better than go through our hop country (*Vive la danse!*) *viâ* Dover to Calais (lunch there, and return), or per Folkestone to Boulogne and back (greater facility here for starting later in the day, if simply to cross to B'long, dine, and back by next boat contents you) for the comparatively small charge of a little over a sovereign to Calais, and about half-a-crown under that amount to Boulogne? If you have the time, and the needful, go over on Saturday to B'logne, returning Monday early, or Sunday late, should Monday be a working day.

It was, we believe, Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD who perpetrated an amusing account of his flying Saturday-to-Monday visits to the Continent. This experienced *voyageur* being an early riser and undismayed by perpetual motion, "did" Calais, Ostend, Bruges, Dunkirk—in fact, a whole semi-circuit of interesting places, being absent from London but a few hours, during which time he gathered materials for a series of Travellers' Tales. To Brighton, Eastbourne, and, in earlier spring, to Bournemouth, are all delightful short trips for short purses. But if it is "a quick change" you want, get it in francs at Boulogne or Calais, and return strengthened by week-end trip.

EVIDENTLY a very severe-looking set must be the "Rev. Mr. BENSON's Coughy Fathers." To balance this effect is required a pleasant lot of "Smiley Mothers."



A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

KAISER WILHELM. "DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, UNCLE, AT KIEL. AND NOW, AS THERE ARE NEITHER CABINET MINISTERS NOR REPORTERS PRESENT, I THINK I MIGHT PERHAPS MENTION THAT—THE SEA IS CALM, AND IT IS SPLENDID WEATHER FOR THE YACHT RACES."



A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW

THEY WERE MET AT THE HOUSE OF THE LATE LORD OF THE MANOR, AND THE INTERVIEW WAS OF A MOST INTERESTING NATURE. THE TWO PARTIES WERE SEATED ON THE PORCH, AND THE CONVERSATION WAS OF A MOST INTERESTING NATURE. THE TWO PARTIES WERE SEATED ON THE PORCH, AND THE CONVERSATION WAS OF A MOST INTERESTING NATURE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 13.

—Mystery has ever brooded over the reasons why GRAHAM MURRAY exchanged the Lord Advocateship for the post of Secretary for Scotland. It is true the latter is the higher rank, carrying with it a seat in the Cabinet. But the difference in the salary is grievous. He had not been Secretary five minutes when bang went £3000 a year. To any of us that would be a serious consideration. To a Scotchman it is sheer anguish.

Those who know GRAHAM MURRAY, who are familiar with his chivalrous nature, hold proof of his loyalty, understand the matter quite clearly. In October of last year PRINCE ARTHUR was in a fix that froze the smile on even his countenance. The Ministry was breaking up; vacancies included the Scotch office, most difficult to fill. GRAHAM MURRAY was the only man available. Would he sacrifice £3000 a year on the altar of friendship and fealty? He did, earning a fresh claim on the gratitude of his Party and the esteem of mankind only partially acknowledged.

That is explanation enough for the ordinary man. The MEMBER FOR SARK, nothing if not penetrating, has discovered another reason. Whilst GRAHAM MURRAY was still Lord Advocate Mr. CALDWELL fastened upon him with a tenacity that makes the habits of the octopus by comparison feeble. For the more convenient pursuit of his purpose "JIMMY," as Scotch Members in vain effort to make light of him say, selected a seat just behind the Front Opposition Bench,



"Loud-voiced, emphatic, voluble. No pause, no semi-colon, not even a comma."
(Mr. C-ldw-II.)



"C.-B. AT THE RACES."

Gipsy. "Tell your fortune, pretty gentleman?"

C.-B. "Heavens, no, my good woman! Anything but that!!"

immediately facing the hapless Lord Advocate. Standing there, with his pockets crammed with pirated editions of music-hall songs, JIMMY could with ease and accuracy wag his forefinger at the right hon. gentleman.

Through eight long years he has done this. Session after session, in winter months or beneath the severity of June skies, the Lord Advocate has "sat under" Mr. CALDWELL. Time came to him when desire failed, when the grasshopper became a burden. PRINCE ARTHUR hinting at the vacancy in the post of Minister for Scotland, all that GRAHAM MURRAY saw through blurred eyes was deliverance from the Lord Advocate's responsibilities, which, in their Parliamentary form, were largely composed of being talked at by Mr. CALDWELL to the interminable, threatening, scolding, commanding, instructing, depressing, wagging of an insistent forefinger.

If there be any truth in this reading of circumstance GRAHAM MURRAY has been doubly done. He has lost his £3000 a year, and Mr. CALDWELL still pursues him.

These are, indeed, great times for JIMMY. When, bent on healthful week-ending, I left the House on Friday afternoon, June 10, he was on his legs, talking about musical copyright to an audience chiefly consisting of the Mace

and benches. Returning this, Monday, afternoon, behold! JIMMY is still on his legs, wagging his forefinger with precisely the same manner, roaring forth words at the rate of sixteen to a dozen. But—and this gives fresh glow to his manner, adds three-quarters of an hour to the length of successive speeches—there on the Treasury Bench sits the shadow of a former Lord Advocate, now Secretary of State for Scotland.

Not having anything to do with the Musical Copyright Bill (no sane man would pirate music written for the bagpipes), GRAHAM MURRAY on Friday for once escaped the toils of JIMMY. To-day Scotch Education Bill is in Committee. It is in charge of the Minister for Scotland, and JIMMY, remembering the drawback to his prolonged delight of Friday afternoon, when he made fifteen speeches and talked out the Musical Copyright Bill, makes most of opportunity.

The Ancient Mariner was merely interjectional in his remarks compared with JIMMY almost within buttonhole-reach of the ex-Lord Advocate.

The wedding guest sate on a stone,
He cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancyent man,
The bright-eyed Marinere.

It was the Treasury Bench GRAHAM MURRAY sat on, and Mr. CALDWELL, being



FIRST IN ; OR, A REVERSION TO EARLY VICTORIAN METHODS.

Mrs. Finkle, the Bathing Woman. "There, my little men! It's not 'alf so bad as you expected, is it, now; and the others will all be coming in directly."

[Lords L-nad-wne and S-lb-rne appear as Vice-Presidents of the new (Josephised) Liberal Unionist Association.]

brought up to the calico-printing business, is a mariner only in the sense that he ever floats on a sea of words. These are details. On he went, jubilant, loud-voiced, emphatic, voluble. No pause, no semi-colon, not even a comma. And all the while his glittering eye fixed on the shrunken form of the suffering Secretary for Scotland.

Business done.—Scotch Education Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—Scotch Education Bill again. Regret to say GRAHAM MURRAY's finely mettled, long-trained patience, temporarily broke down under strain. Mr. CALDWELL having been on for a couple of hours, C.-B. chancing to look in made, *sotto voce*, remark on something the Secretary was saying about the system of Royal and Police Burghs in Scotland.

You have seen the familiar "business" in pantomime at Christmas when the policeman, called on to restore order in street riot engineered by the clown, drops on the smallest, most inoffensive

boy on the outskirts of the crowd, and triumphantly marches him off to durance vile. So this afternoon the Secretary for Scotland and C.-B. The latter absolutely void of offence. Except possibly in the case of Lord ROSEBURY, ever ready, even anxious, to efface himself. On him the Secretary, his soul seared with Mr. CALDWELL's vocal pertinacity, turned with something between a sneer and a snarl.

"Unlike the right hon. gentleman," he said, "I was not at the Races yesterday."

The retort, it will be observed, lacks the finish of appositeness. The topic immediately under discussion was the pride of port of Scotch Royal Burghs who would never consent to be represented by mere modern County Councils. Where Ascot comes in, with C.-B. on the Grand Stand, is not at first sight apparent.

Apart from that there is something hopelessly incongruous in the idea of C.-B. in a white hat with a green silk

veil, a field glass slung about his shoulders, totting up the odds in his book. Could have occurred only to imagination heated by extreme vexation. The charge is one peculiarly calculated to damage a political adversary. The idea of the right hon. Member for the Stirling District going off to Ascot when he had at hand the alternative joy of sitting through a June afternoon discussing a Scotch Education Bill, is difficult for a kirk elder to realise. But it is so obviously improper that resentment would be deeply stirred.

C.-B., perceiving the gravity of the situation, made haste to deny the impeachment.

"I was not at the Races," he said.

"The right hon. gentleman," retorted the Secretary, "did not come into the House until the last race was over."

Here is fresh, increasingly disastrous, proof of the effect upon a powerful mind of being talked at through two days by Mr. CALDWELL. Long trained in the laws of evidence, in succession



NOT WHAT SHE INTENDED.

Mrs. — (to wife of busy City man). "So glad you are coming to us on Thursday. I need hardly say how pleased we shall be to see your husband also, if it is only to fetch you away!"

Advocate-Depute, Sheriff of Perthshire, Solicitor-General for Scotland, and Lord Advocate, GRAHAM MURRAY would instinctively decline to receive as evidence "what the soldier said." Yet, having brought a baseless charge against the moral character of a distinguished statesman, he unblushingly attempted to support it by the syllogism that C.-B., having reached his place on the Front Opposition bench at an hour synchronising with the last race at Ascot, *argya!*, he had been to the Races.

Cream of the joke may perhaps be spooned from the fact that racing at Ascot did not commence till to-day.

Business done.—The Secretary of State for Scotland brings unfounded charge against the Right Honourable the Leader of the Opposition.

FRAMES OF MIND.

"I declare that the above statement contains a full, just and true account and return of the *whole of my income from every source whatsoever* for the year ending the 5th day of April, 1905."—*Extract from Income Tax Return form.*

O MR. SURVEYOR OF TAXES,

A terrible task you impose!

I claim some abatement: you ask for a statement

Of details which nobody knows.

My revenue wanes and it waxes

Along with my varying mood;

It's mainly a question, I think, of digestion,

And largely depends upon food.

Then how fill up the form?

My income how foretell?

How know what cheer the coming year

Is bringing near, with smile or tear?

O, will my hearth be warm,

My table furnished well?

Or will my fare be sordid care,

Another weary spell?

When late at the Carlton I tarry,

Where riches and luxury reign,

When I sup *con amore* and trail clouds of glory

Inspired by the best of champagne,

I am then a great playwright—a BARRIE—

Three plays at a time on the boards—

The royalties pour in and put more and more in

My purse till it's fat as a lord's.

When Economy raises her finger

And bids me reluctantly go

To dine for a florin in haunts that are foreign

And doubtful in dingy Soho,

Fair visions no longer will linger,

The future begins to look black;

I see myself earning with toil and heart-burning

The wage of a newspaper hack.

When, growing more prudent than ever,

On messes of pottage I sup,

Or dine somewhat sparsely on cutlets of parsley,

And drink Adam's ale from my cup;

When I struggle with frugal endeavour

By "diet" to keep down the bill,

When I feel filled-and-emptied, I'm very much tempted

To send in my income as *nil*.

Then how fill up the form?

My income how foretell?

How know what cheer the coming year

Is bringing near, with smile or tear?

O, will my hearth be warm,

My table furnished well?

Or will my fare be sordid care,

Another weary spell?

A SUNDAY SCHOOL OF ACTING.

It is never too late to say a good word during any season for first-rate acting, and this word of praise all round must be given to the sterling actors who, shoulder to shoulder, have carried along triumphantly during the season Mr. "T. RACEWARD'S" very interesting, but in some respects faulty, and not strikingly original, play of *Sunday* at the Comedy Theatre. The four jolly colonial sandboys who form a quartette of guardians around the sweet orphan girl *Miss Sunday* are clearly reminiscent of the jovial Bohemian artists who kept watch o'er the life of poor *Trilby*, as they themselves, by the way, were with equal certainty reminiscent of MÜLLER's happy-go-lucky Bohemians of Paris. But into this matter it is not now worth while to enter, as this comedy has made its mark, and will make its very many marks, in good English coin, before its present proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. FRED TERRY, have done with it. Certainly, as far as acting goes, they are doing uncommonly well with it. Taken all round it is a perfect cast, the only artist in the company who is not "fitted down to the ground" is the self-denying Manager; and yet without him, the play, with Mrs. FRED TERRY (JULIA NEILSON) in it, would have lacked its strongest complement. "Which," as the ancient *Saurey* might have said, "spelling 'complement' with an 'i,'" is a tribute that may be most sincerely paid to the *Colonel Brin-thorpe* of Mr. FRED TERRY.

Miss JULIA NEILSON is what "the boys" in the hut call her, "a dream." The laugh that is born of her sheer lightness of heart, and not of head, is delightfully fresh; and yet there is danger in it, artistically, a tempting danger: it may be so very easily overdone, and should it once sound strained, there is an end of the ingenuousness of this fascinating character. The part abounds in opportunities, not one of which Miss NEILSON loses. Her comedy is infectious, her tragedy overwhelms us. It is a thoroughly good performance.

As the unprincipled *Arthur Brin-thorpe*, a most difficult part to play, Mr. MALCOLM CHERRY acquits himself admirably. The character is a double-dyed scoundrel of the most ordinary type of gay Lothario known to the stage, and yet is Mr. CHERRY's performance of it absolutely free from all conventionality. When first he is introduced he is above suspicion, and though lookers-on see most of the game, the audience is almost as much astonished as is *Sunday* herself to find what a scoundrel has been entertained unawares by the simple, rough and ready brotherhood of the Creek.

Admirable in his solid line is Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE as everybody's friend, *Tom Oxley*, and this must be said equally of the fine performance of Mr. LOUIS CALVERT as the rough and ready *Towzer*, of the striking characterisation by Mr. ALFRED BRYDENE of *Davy*, and of the eccentric comedy tone given, with so delicately humorous a touch, by Mr. ALFRED KENDRICK to the kindly but feeble *Jacky*.

Calm, dignified, and sympathetic is Miss EDYTH OLIVE as *A Nun*, who having touched all hearts, disappears after the First Act, leaving not even her name, as it is not given in the programme. She is one of those "who come like shadows, so depart."

And finally Miss BELLA PATEMAN, looking like a superb *Marquise de la vieille roche*, yet acting just as the homely, gracious, and soft-hearted *Mrs. Naresby* would have done in real life, completes a singularly effective list of *dramatis personæ*. At what date Miss JULIA NEILSON and Mr. FRED TERRY are to take "their *Sunday* out" (of the bill) is not mentioned, but no one who appreciates thoroughly good acting should lose the chance of seeing this play at the Comedy Theatre.

QUERY: "JOB'S COMFORTER."—Of what material made? Was it worn twice round the neck?

OPERATIC NOTES.

Saturday, June 11.—This evening *Faust*, with *Marguerite* costumed in new fashion. Suggestive of sequence to the old story, to be entitled *Marquerite; or, The Wrong Redressed*. Maggie MELBA's notes on this occasion as sparkling as the



Caruso Radames.
Design for a Twelfth Cake.

real gems in GOUNOD's effective setting. M. DALMORES as *Faust*, M. RENAUD as *Valentin*, and JUPIN PLANÇON in the skin of *Mephisto*, all excellent. Mlle. HELIAN a nice young *Siebel* for a smaller party than Mme. *Marguerite MELBA*; and for the skittish *Martha* (she ought to have been the *vivandière* of the London Skittish), who better than Mlle. BAUERMEISTER? Orchestra, MANCINELLI, and *dramatis personæ*, all played into one another's hands artistically.

Monday night.—*Aida*. Royal Party not present, as our gracious KING and graceful QUEEN are at Eton, giving the boys a treat, and seeing the ancient "Ten-or," the *Monarch*, instead of hearing the more youthful Tenor, Signor CARUSO.



Aida . . . Mlle. Russ. Amonasro . . . Scotti.
King Golliwog and his daughter.

Brilliant success in both places. At Covent Garden, a really magnificent performance, musically, spectacularly and histrionically. How delightfully tuneful and melodramatic it all is! How overpoweringly glittering as a spectacle belonging to a period when the ballet,

having been omitted from the menu as a dish à part, was being served up as garnish to the *pièce de résistance*. The setting is gorgeous. The situation at the end of Act II. recalls *Voici le Sabre de mon père! Did Aida*, produced after *La Grande Duchesse*, borrow the idea?

Mlle. Russ, her first appearance in London, was naturally as nervous as a *Russ* in *urbe* on such an occasion would be; and if, at first, not quite up to her own proper

form, it must be remembered that *Aida*, being a coloured lady, may be looked upon as "a dark horse." It is a simple yet powerful tale, this of the two Golliwogs, *père et fille*, King Amonasro and Princess Aida, his daughter, brought as prisoners to Egypt by F.-M. Lord Radames-Roberts, Generalissimo and hero of the opera, a part magnificently played and sung by Signor CARUSO, the Conquering Hero with all his forces well under command. As the wicked and unhappy Amneris, Mme. KIRBY LUNN, freed from mechanism of Wagnerian wax-works, sang and acted as one suddenly animated by the springs of human impulse. Outwardly fair, with golden hair, but morally black, Miss Amneris is of a deeper dye than, in appearance, is even the perspiring and conspiring King Golliwog, of the Royal Pen-wiper Line,—with more in him



' Suggestion for ornamental door-knocker for the distinguished Russian tenor Herr Arens' professional residence.

of the vicious wiper than the tran-quiet pen,—a part played and sung with fine tragic effect by Signor SCOTTI.

M. PLANÇON, stately and solemn as *Ramfis* (not a pretty sounding name, suggestive of sheep's-head), lends the weight of his authority and sonority to the telling effect of the concerted pieces and choruses which are so notable a feature of this veritably grand opera. The "long-drawn-out" golden trumpets used by the Egyptian Military Band in the army of *Il Rê*, M. COTREUIL, are too well known for any special note to be sounded here on their behalf. They speak for themselves in this scene, which is a stirring one for amateurs of "Bridge," as before them they have the rare spectacle of any number of players with nothing but trumps in their hands! The dance of the



Dainty Miss Elisabeth (Fräulein Selma Kurz), a drawn Bet on first Ascot day, and no better to be found anywhere!



Radames . . . Caruso. Amonasro . . . Scotti.

King Golliwog, the prisoner, artfully pretends to grovel as if he were another Man Friday acknowledging the mastership of Robinson Caruso.

little Golliwogs is as quaint as ever, but we know those Golliwogs by now. Vociferous calls over and over again for everyone, and Signor MANICELLI mounts to the stage, and joins hands with the dwellers on the banks of the Nile, the only free, happy and harmless Nile-ists.

Tuesday, June 14.—The filling of boxes at Ascot rather empties those at Covent Garden of, at least, their *habitues*. But, good house for a first-class performance of *Tannhäuser*, with SELINA KURZ distinguishing herself as singer and actress in the character of *Elisabeth*, though not up to her tip-top-note *Gilda* form. Herr VAN DYCK being temporarily incapacitated—(if it had been Derby Day the malicious might have insinuated that he was one of the Vans on the road, but for the fact that no Van goes to Royal Ascot), and Dr. RICHTER being unable to prescribe for his complaint with

serious papa (with a past—ahem!), known to his familiars as *Old Georgey* Germont. The *mise-en-scène* perfect, especially the Garden Scene: but all the Covent Garden scenes are noteworthy. A new *decor* has just been added, as on Dr. HANS RICHTER has just been conferred the Royal Victorian Order by His Gracious Music-loving Majesty, King EDWARD. This gives HANS RICHTER free entrance to all theatres and opera houses, as he can go where he likes with this Order, which is, of course, a *passé-partout*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE reader taking up *Garmiscath* (BLACKWOOD) and observing it is written by J. STORER CLOUSTON, will naturally expect to find echoes of the riotous fun that bubbled round the career of *The Lunatic at Large*. Mr. CLOUSTON, however, establishes his versatility, the two books being wide asunder as sanity and madness. New ground is broken by placing the scene in far-off Orkney. It has evidently been sketched on the spot, and affords material for some excellent descriptions of an inconstant heaven bent over a land bounded by unrestful waters. There is a fine study of a sturdy Scot who lends his name to the book. In contrast with him is the immigrant Southron, whose ancestors, by wiles and wealth, possessed themselves of *Garmiscath's* land. To tell how it is redeemed through the agency of the *Odaller's* son is the purpose of a story of sustained interest. My Baronite finds something a little mechanical in the part played in the drama by *Captain Maitland* and his family. But the rugged character of the old Islander suffices.

My Nautical Retainer desires to commend *The Court of Sacharissa* (HEINEMANN), by HUGH SHERINGHAM and NEVILL MEAKIN. It is the tale of a Company of Gentlemen Adventurers who have the pleasant habit of exploring the Home Counties on Saturday afternoons. Trespassing one day upon a fair pleasure they encounter its charming *châtelaine*, who enters at once into the spirit that animates their society, and gives them entertainment on seven successive excursions. No actual names occur in the book; but each of the Adventurers has a fanciful title—"The Ambassador," "The Exotic," "The Man of Truth," and so forth—with which his character and conversation accord. From time to time their mutual badinage is relieved by stories told in the right Boccaccian manner, in which form of entertainment "The Exotic" bears the palm, his tales being appropriately coloured with Oriental diction and sentiment. The presence of *Sacharissa*, as an audience, is at once an inspiring force and a restraint upon excessive ebullience. She shows a very perfect tact in drawing out their respective gifts; and it is a tribute to her impartiality that they should all want to marry her in the penultimate scene. My Nautical Retainer, while honourably refusing to betray the secret of her choice, considers that in this rather important matter the authors have done an injustice to her good taste.

If some of the details of the book may seem a little otiose, this is all part of the natural garrulity proper to this kind of work. The authors have not attempted the literary *finesse*, sometimes too conscious, of STEVENSON'S *New Arabian Nights*, or MR. HEWLETT'S *New Canterbury Tales*; but in their own easy and unaffected style they have contrived to give an irresistible attraction to these Ambrosial Afternoons.



Violetta Melba—costume 1904. Germont Scotti—costume 1675.
Ce cher petit enfant Alfred Caruso—costume 1675.

an extra dose of WAGNER, Herr ARENS donned the armour of the Wandering Minstrel Knight, which fitted him to a nicety.

Wednesday, June 15.—Our Operatic Syndicate is rich in tenors, and as there's not a false note among them, that is, not one that has been detected up to the present time, they can change them at will. This they have already done, but to-night no change is given, and *La Traviata*, being played with the best of all possible casts as announced, draws an overflowing house. Madame MELBA, singing perfectly and doing her very best with the character of the consumptive *Violetta* (how deceitful are appearances!), is acclaimed enthusiastically. Clever of MELBA to indicate how *Violetta* can not be morally responsible for her conduct by showing how, while all her lady and gentlemen friends, forming the distinguished and sympathetic chorus, are in the attire that characterised the period of the second CHARLES, our sweet *Violetta*, inspired by a sort of prophetic eccentricity, adopts present-day costume with a very much up-to-date hat peculiar to this year of grace and elegance. This is distinctly and subtly artistic, as a *toque* would have too markedly emphasised the fact of her being *un peu toqué*. But what if the chorus and all the *dramatis personæ* are wrong and *Violetta* MELBA alone is right? This is not improbable, as the action of the original novel was placed in "the so-called nineteenth century." So, after all, *Violetta* is nearer the truth than her surroundings. Signor CARUSO is too *robusto* for the mawkishly sentimental *Alfredo*, but he was in splendid voice and in a remarkably funny costume: grief had evidently affected his taste and judgment in the matter of clothes. No matter, all were excellent, especially clever Signor SCOTTI (in this, A-Scotti time of racing) as *Alfredo's* preternaturally

